THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one-side of the pages only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use over

250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only
will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY. The Other Cherry Pie,

This morning Grandma scolded me For a thing she thought I'd done. She said she baked two cherry ples And only could find one. So of course she said I took it. I must say I don't see Why, if anything is missing, They always pick on me!

It's "Francis, where is my razor?" "Francis, you naughty child,
You're enough to drive one wild,"
"Where did you put my scissors?"
It is only me that tracks in mud And scatters things about, And if I speak above a whisper They all say, "Francis, don't shout!"

Well. I've run away and left them, And I won't go back any more,
And then they'll find things get lost
Just as they did before;
And I guess they'll feel pretty mean,
And maybe Mother'll cry,
And I think, perhaps, if I went home,
I'd get the other pie!

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

How quick the children hear the call of the pastures and the brooks and the boys the call of the trout streams and the old swimming holes. They are not wholly free from the habits of the boys wholly free from the habits of the boys and girls who lived when the world uncle John met us with the clumsy old bobsled and the big black horses moner than roads

It is of little avail to tell them not to be noisy, for their glee like the eagle's has to find expression in screams; but those who go most quietly see and hear most of the birds and catch most of the fish.

to have a care for such children never | ding. get severely hurt or are drowned.

Have you ever thought how still the the fields? When they are alone they chat and sing merrily, but when they are moved by fear they keep still, for they know silence means safety to

Wide-Awakes can get books out of the fields and woods if they keep their ears and eyes open and write prettily about what they hear and see.

3-John A. Burns of Fitchville, Fred

4-Mildred E. White of Stafford Springs, The Girls' Central High. 5-John B. Purcell of Colchester, Uncle Sam's Boys on Field Duty.

6-Doris M. Amidon of West Willington, The Automobile Girls Along the Hudson.

7-Lillian M. Brehaut of East Nor-wich, Ruth Fielding of the Red Mill. 8-Mary A. Burrill of Stafford prings, The Meadow Brook Girls on Tennis Courts.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Mirian Shershevsky of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book you gave men entitled Little Folks and What They Did.

Fiorence Brown of Norwich Town: I thank you very much for the prize book which you sent me. I know I will en-

Grace A. Burrill of Stafford Springs: Thank you very much for the prize book Little Stories for Little People. I have read some of the stories and find them very interesting.

Once upon a time a rich nobleman was about to be married. Great preparations were made at his castle for the wedding feast. Everything rare and costly was provided except fish. Both

the chief cook and the nobleman were corely put out because the sea was so rough that fishermen dared not venture

The very next day, which was the day before the marriage, a sturdy fisherman who had heard of the lord's

distress came from a distant village, bringing a fine turbot, and asked to be

Walter Supina of Stafford Springs: I

received the prize book and I thank you many times for it.

Carrie A. Pratt of Pomfret Center Please accept my thanks for the prize book The Girls of Central High on the stage. I have read it through and I saure you I enjoyed it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE.

Peanuts are the fruit of a small vine of the pea family. When the flowers fall, the stalk supporting the unde-veloped pod lengthens and, bending downward, pushes the fruit into the

ground, where it grows and ripens.

The peanut is cultivated in most of the southern states. It is sometimes known as the groundnut,

Peanuts are roasted and eaten as a delicacy, and they form the basis of many of the modern health foods. An oil used in the making of salads, and as an ingredient of soaps is pressed from the seeds.

GRACE MAHONEY.

Colchester

Hunting for Mayflowers. Last Saturday my two friends and I

went for a walk about three miles, looking for Mayflowers. We started at 1 o'clock, went over the river and across the lot for about a mile; then we found some arbutus. We picked a large bunch, then took the

road. After we had gone a little way we found some hepaticas. On the rest of our journey we found bleodroot, Mayflowers, dogtooth violet, forget-me-not, 'cowellps, sassafrage, skunk cabbage and another kind of ower I do not know the name of, We called on our teacher. Altogether we had a very pleasant walk, but we were very tired on our way home. We returned home about 6 o'clock.

GLADYS THOMPSON, Age 18.

Thanksgiving at Grandfather's. Grandfather and Grandmother live in big old-fashloned farmhouse out in

we always admired, impatiently walt-ing for the chirrup and the snap of the whip to be off.

From the top of the last long hill just as the sun was setting we saw the smoke rising from the chimney, which recalled to our minds former Thanksgivings with their bountiful catch most of the fish.

Do not be too carcless in getting over walls and fences or too venturesome in going into the water when you know nothing of its depth. It always pays to the pantry were rows of pies, glass dishes filled with rich red cranberry sauce, loaves of cake and delicious plum pudding.

Grandmother, a dear old lady with silvery hair, kind, bright blue eyes, Have you ever thought how still the snowy cap and apron, was sitting it little grass-folks and wood-folks keep her favorite rocking chair by the winwhen they see big people wandering in dow and welcomed us heartly, as did

also numerous other relatives.

The children scampered off with some corn to the barnyard, where an enormous gobbler was strutting proudly about, ravenously but unconsciously enormous gobbler was strutting proud-ly about, ravenously but unconsciously eating his last supper. Thanksgiving morning dawned clear

and cold and everyone was astir early, full of anticipation, especially the little folks, who remembered with loy and some with sorrow their last Thanks-

At last the dinner gong sounded and WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Esther Chaletz of Colchester,
Three Little Women's Success.

2—Woods School of Stafford Springs,
Play Days, etc.

3. John A Burne of Fitchville Fred

popped corn and played games. In the evening, gathered around the big open fireplace, fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts told stories of youth-ful escapades, and the children, roast-ing apples in the glowing coals, listened wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

The next day we went home, taking with us many happy recollections of

the pleasant farmhouse, the jolly fam-lly gathering and the last but not the least the liberal festivity of the neverto-be-forgotten oc WOODS SCHOOL

Stafford Springs.

A Trip Through the Woods. One afternoon about three o'clock our teacher took us for a walk through She took a paper and pencil with her

and wrote down the names of all the different things we found.

A schoolmate of mine and I had a A schoolmate of mine and I had a knife and we cut a piece of every different kind of bark. As I was cutting a piece of bark, I cut a little too deep and broke the end of the knife blade. Then we came to a road and found sofie large rocks in which there were constructed. quartz crystals.

Som one found a bird's nest, another some blossoms which we put into a glass of water when we returned.

On our way back all carrying flow-

your price and be gone," said the no-bleman angrily.

"This is my price, and no other will

I take, so please you, great sir," said the fisherman, as he began to repack

a All thought him silly and tried to

persuade him to accept some money. They did not succeed, for he would take no other than two hundred lashes, or nothing at all.

The nobleman thought he must be

The Story of The Turbot

ers, rocks, moss and sassafras that we found, we came to a place where a partridge and her little ones were. The mother partridge became excited and flew away for self defense, leaving her nestlings to care for themselves. We looked for the little chicks but before we knew it we found out that one had been crushed.

been crushed.

That was only one of many pleasant afternoons we spent in the woods and I shall always remember them WALTER SUPINA, Age 14. Stafford Springs.

Dick's Butter.

Dick's mamma put some cream into the yellow churn, and told Dick he might turn the handle and see if he could make butter.

Dick felt very proud. He had always wanted to make butter.

He sat in the shed in a chair beside the churn, and turned the handle round and round and round.

"How easy it goes! How well I do it," thought Dick. "I wish somebody

could see me."

But nobody was there. Mamma he

gone to the pantry to make pies, and little sister Annie was out of doors rolling his black doll in the dirt, and Dick was all alone in the shed. But finally he got tired, and then he called

out,
"Mamma!" I guers the butter is
done!" "Won't you come and see if
the butter is done?"
But mamma could not leave her
ples. The butter hasn't come yet," "Why, mamma, I've turned it round

and round. And then he called his mamma, and when she took off the cover they both had to laugh. But Dick didn't make any butter after all.

MYRTLE E. CONVERSE, Age 11.

West Willington.

Epaminondas and His Auntle.

Epaminondas used to go to see his auntie nearly every day, and she al-ways gave him something to take to his mamma.
day she gave him a nice, yellow gold cake. Epaminondas took it into his fist and held it tight. When he came home his mammy said: "What have you?"

'A cake mammy! His mother said, "you ain't got the sense you was born with. The way to carry cake is to rap it in some leaves and put it in your hat."

The next day he went to visit his

aunt.

She gave him some butter to take home. He wrapped it in some leaves and put it in his hat, and put it on his head. The sun was very warm, the butter began to melt, then it came down his forehead and his face.

Then his auntie gave him a little puppy dog. He took it to the brook and cooled it, and cooled it. When he came home the puppy dog was dead.

Then he went to visit his auntie again. She gave him a big loaf of bread to carry home. He took a string and tied it on one end then he took and tied it on one end then he took hold of the string and pulled it home. The next day his mother went away.

West Willington.

An Original Story. Once upon a time a little boy with his sister were wandering in the woods when a squirrel attracted their attention. Then they tried to catch it and were drawn a long distance into the

Finally night came on and the chil-dren were lost in the woods and were thinking about the supper and nice warm bed they would have if they were at home. But they knew this to be out of the question and had found a warm, dry spot, where they laid down and were soon asleep; and when they awoke something was tugging and pulling on their coats. As they looked to see what it was they found it to be their old dog Cute. He had found his way to them and was trying to awake the boy and girl.

Then they got up and followed the dog, who took them straight home, where they were heartily welcomed. All were given a good meal, and the dog was praised and loved by all the family because he had saved their

CARL HOLDRIDGE, Age 11.

My Fishing Trip.

About two miles from home there is brook that I know contains a great many trout. One day when my uncle was visiting at my home I invited him to go fishing with me. I had dug the to go insing with me. I had dug the hait the day before, and father let us take his horse. Mother put a fine lunch up for us and we started off.
We reached the brook about nine o'clock in the morning. We rived our lines at once and sat on the bank waiting patiently for a bite. At last I saw a good-sized fish coming toward my line: and the fish swam away. He got a taste of the bait and it must have tasted good to him, for he came back. This time I did not pull the line away and I caught him.

My uncle caught a great many fish and was ready to go home. And to please him I went home. I hope I shall go again soon.
JOHN A. BURNS, Age 10. Fitcaville.

Our Christmas Tree.

This Christmas we put our tree in the garden and we fed the birds on it. We tied suet on the branches and this winter when the ground was cov-ered with snow, there was a good many

birds around the tree.

There is one bird that is very odd. He is black with a grey breast, and almost as large as a robin. Can you tell me its name?

We also put crumbs on the dining-room window sill and when there is no rotes that come and eat there is no

noise they come and eat them. This has been a hard winter for the little birds. MADELYN SULLIVAN, Age 10.

every one of us. You all know that our chief danger in the cat's sly and quiet manner of walking. If we could hear her we could easily run away.

"Let us hang a bell to the cat's neck, and when he hear it ring we shall all know that she is near."

"A fine plan! A fine plan!" cried all the mice. "But who will bell the cat?"

"Not II not II" cried all the mice at once. I don't think that I would like to bell the cat if I were a mouse.

ALICE PURELL, Age II.

The Make Selieve Party.

It was just too bad! All my brothers and sisters wanted to go to the cave, but when they woke up it was raining hard; so there they lay, scoiding to themselves until eight o'clock. They were very much surprised when manima came in with their holiday clothes. She dressed them and took them down into the dining room. After treakfast they started as usual for the nursery, but mamma took them to the parlor which she had arranged for them. There was a roaring fire in the fireplace, the best books were ready for them and everything was bright and cheerful.

Mamma had taken a book which she had laid away for some occasion, and said she would read to them. All the older children screamed when they saw it. It was the story of "Little Women."

Baby crowed loudly with a pictured The Make Believe Party.

Baby crowed loudly with a picture book in her hand and marnma curied down before the fire with him in her lap and all the children around, and read for two hours. The children played games until dinner.

When they entered the dinning room, the sight almost took their breath away. The room was decorated with

"Why, mamma, I've turned it round forty-two hundred times. Can't I stop, and get a drink of water?"

"Yes," said mamma.

While he was gone, who do you think his sister did. She came into the shed with sand, climbed up into Dick's chair, lifted the cover off the Churn and said,

"Dolly, go in dare!"

Annie was a baby two years old. Then she turned it round and round than and round. And then he called his mamma, and when she took off the true of the called his mamma, and when she took off the true of the called his toolidn't have had a better time had they gone to the cave. they gone to the cave.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 15.

Stafford Springs.

Switzerland, without a mile of sea-coast and with almost no coal or iron, is one of the leading industrial na-tions and has a large commerce.

One-half of this mountainous land lies above the zone of agriculture, pro-ducing very little except grass lands on the mountain sides, below the snow and ice where many thousands of cattle graze in summer. But between the Jura mountains on the north and the Jura mountains on the north and the Alps on the south is a wide, hilly, well-watered plain. Here is where most of the people live on their farms or in towns and cities, in which the hum of mills is always heard. The southern slopes of many hills and mountains, catching the warmest rays of the sun, are planted vineyards and orchards. There are no naviga-

and orchards. There are no naviga-ble rivers. Both are unsurpassed and passenger and freight rates by water

ture lands make animal raising much more important than tillage.

The Swiss are as famous for cheese as the Danes are for butter. In the spring tens of thousands of cows are driven up to the highland pastures among the mountains and are kept there all summer, tended by herders who milk the cows and make the cheese and butter. cheese and butter.

Though Switzerland has over 2,000,-000 cattle about 50,000 fat beeves are imported for food every summer when the mountains are filled with The largest imports in fact, are

grain, cattle and other food supplies. The country is almost destitute of mineral resources except rock salt and building stone. A very little iron and anthracite are mined. The really great industry of the

country is manufacturing. Though Switzerland has no steam coal, the mountain torrents supply water power which drives most of the machinery. It is a long distance to seaport. Zu-rich, Berne and St. Gallern are the largest manufacturing cities. The textiles and metal industries are most mportant.

land imports for her watch and jew-elry industries sometimes surpass in value the large quantities of coal that she purchases

A large amount of manufacturing is carried on at the homes of the oper-ators, such as some kind of silk and embroidering products, straw platting and much of the clock and watchmak-

ing.

The neighbors of Switzerland figure most largely in her foreign trade.

Germany, France, Austria, Hungary and Italy buy most of her export manufactures. Next to food raw slik coming from Italy and the Orient, is the largest import. Nearly a third of the entire purchases are coal, coke, iron, sugar and other foodstuffs, coming from Germany.

Wheat, cotton and petroleum are about two-thirds of the value of imports from the United States. Genoa, Marseilles and the German ports all share in forwarding the goods we send to Switzerland to Switzerland. JOHN B. PURCELL.

Colchester.

The Robin.

Dear Uncle Jed:—The robin is a very pretty bird which is found from Mexico to Labrador and also in Alaska in summer. In winter they are found in Virginia and farther south. They are about the first bird to come

north.

They resemble the English blackbird. Their head and tail are blackish in color. The upper part of the body is chestnut brown and the throat is white with black streaks. The breasts of the young are spotted.

The English robin of Europe is different from those of North America. They have red breasts and belong to the warbler family.

eut, and lemonade to dr to ent, and lemonade to drink.

We played choquet and other games, at twelve o'clock the children were called in, and the party began.

After the party we played the games and we had a fine time.

At four o'clock most of us started off for home.

I hope some of the Wide Awakes will tell about the parties they have had at there school if they had any.

MARY M. BOROVICKA, Age 11.

West Willington.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. The Coon Hunt.

Dear Uncle Jed: Did you or any of he Wide Awakes ever go 'coon hunt-Last fall we girls went with my fa-ther, brothers, and some friends. It was a new moonlight evening and we started about 8 o'clock.

started about 8 o'clock.

We girls stayed in the cars while the men took the dogs and went off to find the track. We followed first up one road and down another. Finally we turned off upon an old back road, but after we had gone a short way we decided to turn back. Just then we heard the dogs bark nearby and knew that they had found a trail.

The place where the coon was at The place where the coon last trees was near the road. last trees was near the road. We did not know which tree the coon was in as the dogs were beneath two different ones. On one tree we could see deep scratches where the coon had climbed it. We felt certain the coon was there; but we soon discovered that the prints only went to about eight feet. We then noticed a deeper scratch where it had probably turned and jumped.

ond jumped.
On the other tree the scratches went up into the branches. One of the men climbed the tree but could see ne coimbed the tree but could see no coon. At last we discovered it up in the top of the tree. It was curled up and looked like a bunch of leaves.

Papa fired at it several times before it started to descend. Even though it was badly shot it put up a hard fight with the dogs and gave them several bad scratches

before it gave up.
Several days later we had a coon supper for the hunters and our friends.
DORIS M. AMIDON, Age 13. embroider very much. I used to at-tending a sewing club one time, also a cooking club,

An Unlucky Fishing Trip. Dear Uncle Jed: Last Saturday morning my youngest brother coaxed me to go trout fishing with him and as I had nothing else particular to do I decided to accompany him.

We set out toward the brook, a half mile away, soon after breakfast, and reached the bridge in about ten minutes where we started going down stream toward the meadow.

Fishing along in all the pools we got our lines tangled in the bushes, caught our hooks on little stones without getrunning stitches on wrong side of ma-terial, point needle toward you. Bring the needle from underneath close to the folded edge of cloth. Work from

At last my brother had two bites, but the only kind I received were right to left. Put in the needle again made by mosquitoes and small flies. ting a single bite. After fishing awhile in the meadow with no luck we decided to follow the ble rivers. Both are unact, passenger and freight rates by water or rail are very cheap.

Only about six-tenths of the country is tilled.

Switzerland buys from Hungary, Russia and the United States nearly three times as much wheat and twice as much rye as she produces. Apples, pears and cherries are a larger source of profit than grain. Wine culture is a very profitable industry but the Swiss import much more wine than they make.

The wide spreading hay and pasture lands make animal raising much more important than tillage.

The Swiss are as famous for cheese the Danes are for butter. In the set the Danes are for butter. In the back, As I was crossing the brook back. As I was crossing the brook and a wobbly stone, a legs

you are directly opposite the firs stitch taken at this point. Draw the stitches so that the sides are close to gether. Make three stitches on the right side of cloth at the end of the but he was too small so I threw him back. As I was crossing the brook again I stepped on a wobbly stone, slid off and got my shoes and legs

wet again.

After that I fixed my line, called my brother and we went home.

We stopped at a spring to get a drink of cool water for the day was very warm and we were thirsty.
We reached home, hot tired.
gry and without any fish. We tainly had an unlucky fishing trip, but we made up our minds to try again some time and choose a place where we would be sure to get some trout.

MARY A. BURRELL, Age 13.

Stafford Springs. and underneath, and fastening it on with a strong adhesive.

The box is next three parts filled with sand and the remaining portion filled with cotton wool. It is then covered in at the top with velvet, the material being tucked down just inside the top of the box and tacked to the silk covering the edges, which are afterwards finished off with a silk cord that is arranged in two little loops at

Dear Uncle Jed: I once knew a girl named Kate. She lived close to a bridge. One night she heard a terrible noise. It sounded as if a train had fallen from the tracks. So Kate put on her coat and hurried to the

Swiss cotton cloths are made in St.
Gallern and the neighboring cantons.
Machinery, watches, clocks and jeweiry are the most notable features of
the metal industries.
The gold and sliver which Switzerland imports for her watch and lewland imports for her watch and lewland imports for her watch and lewshould find the stop here.
She knew that a passenger train work did not stop here.

She knew that a passenger train would pass that way within an hour

and unless warnings were sent in time and unless warnings were sent in time
it would fall through the broken
bridge and many lives would be lost.

It was a pitch dark night and the
rain was beating down very hard.
The nearest station was almost a mile The nearest station was almost a mile away and to reach it a long railroad bridge had to be crossed. It was not easy to cross the bridge, even in broad daylight, and such a night was very dangerous, but she was a brave girl and did not fear danger to herself. So she hurried along to the station.

Just as she reached the bridge the wind blew out her light, but even that did not stop her. She got down and crawled along the rails, moving carefully from the to the until she had gone the whole length of the bridge. Then she rose and ran as fast as she

Then she rose and ran as fast as she could. She was bruised and wet and her clothes were all torn as she stumbled into the station. "Stop the train! Stop the train!"
was all she could say, and then she

But Kate felt well repaid for what she had done. She was in time and the train was saved. IRENE O'NEIL, Age 9.

She Saw Three Deer. Dear Uncle Jed: I was playing by the roadside one day and I saw three deer. Two of the deer were lying un-der a chestnut tree. One of them saw me and started to run. He ran across the road. Then the two deer ran after him. I saw them again when I was on my way to school, BERTHA E. KOWATS, Age 8. Stafford Springs.

Speaking of progress, have you tried

RYZON. The Perfect Baking Powder? It makes the old baking methods as obsolete as the wood-burning stove. Made with a new and better phosphate-a pure, crystallized kind.

At your grocer's. 1/2 pound, 10 cents; 1/2 pound, 18 cents; 1 pound, 35 cents.

SATISFACTIONor your money back

How to Make a Buttonhole.

The size of the buttorfhole is deter-

rectly in front of its first position. With the needle half way through the cloth and pointed toward you, take the double thread at the edge of the needle and throw it under the point of the needle from right to left. Draw the thread tight. Work the button-

the thread tight. Work the button-hole along in this manner until you reach the end nearest the fold of

East Norwich, N. Y.

JESSIE L. BREHAUT.

A Convenience for the Writing Table.

Dear Uncle Jed: The following is a

useful little article to prepare for the writing table; it can be made from a small cigar box of the square shape.

the lid securely nailed down, and the exterior of the box smoothly covered with watered silk. This is done by

with watered silk. This is done by turning the material over at the edges and underneath, and fastening it on

that is arranged in two little loops at

each corner.

Near the top, in front, a small brass

hook (similar to those used for hang-ing cups on a dresser) is screwed, on which a watch may be suspended. On

the remaining three sides, loops of

broad elastic are fastened on with small brass-headed nails, into which

may be slipped scissors, paper knife, sealing wax or any of those little odds and ends that tend to litter up the writing table. The top of the box



HISTORIC LONDON THEATRE Dear Uncle Jed: I expect there are SAFEGUARDED FROM FIRE quite a number of girls in the Wide-Awake Circle who like to sew. I, for one, am one of them. I do a good deal of my own sewing and also help with the mending sometimes. I have just finished working a table cover for a small table. I cannot crochet or Hydrants Carried to the Famous Dome of St. Paul's.

London, May 10.—For the first time in its history St. Paui's Cathedral is considered safe from fire, adequate firs fighting apparatus having been installed after four years' labor, the hydrants being carried to the top of the famous dome. Although much progress has been proceed to the making the I have had to make quite a number of buttonholes, so I am going to tell you just how a buttonhole should be made. has been made towards making the edifice fireproof the work in this di-rection will consume from ten to fifteer years. Great quantities of in-flammable material have been removed from the building, including the woodmined by the diameter of the button, and is worked on the right side of the garment. It is cut a little distance en floors of the galleries. The sum of \$500,000 is being raised to complete the in from the edge.

Hold the folded edge along the first finger of left hund, baste two little

For a long while we couldn't think why the Irish irreconcilables seized the Dublin postoffice, but now we see that it was in orded to improve the censorship of the mils.—Detroit Jour-

Last Word Unspoken. The last word about alcohol has not

been spoken yet, according to a mag-azine writer. With Mr. Hobson still alive? Of course not.—Birmingham cloth. Work around the edge until | Age-Herald. Bridgeport.—The bathing season at Fort Trumbull beach has opened. Miss Anna Story enjoyed her first bath in

right side of cloth at the end of the buttonhole the full width of the stitches. These are called the bar. Work over the bar with buttonhole stitches, having the purl toward the buttonhole. If the buttonhole is large it, may be overcast and barred first and a new thread taken for the buttonhole stitches. **Baby Covered** With Sores Physician said Perfumed Power



"I am sending you a picture of my little niece, Edith White. When only ten days old she was completely covered with little festers or sores and

little festers or sores and our physician said it was caused by a perfumed powder they were using and told them to stop using this powder and use Comfort Powder, which we did. It quickly healed the sores and her skin does not show a blemish. I have been a nurse for a number of years and can highly recommend Sykes' Comfort Powder."

—Margaret E. Farley, Lowell, Mass.
Not a plain talcum powder, but a highly medicated preparation unequalled for nursery and sickroom uses, to heal and prevent chafing, itching, all skin soreness.

At Brug and Dep't Stores, 25c.

THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.

does service as a pincushion.

The colors of the materials are a matter of choice, but this little article looks neat and effective made with green silk, gold silk cord and green East Norwich, N. Y. THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.

PERMANENTEL BEAUTIFUL ON INTERIORS WEATHER PROOF, ON EXTERIORS The Little White House stays white inside or outside when finished with Vitralite, the Long-Life White Enamel - not only distinctive, but lasting. CHAS. OSGOOD CO. Wholesale and Retailers,

mad, so he ordered his men to give him the two hundred blows, saying that he would soon cry "Stop!" and that the lashes could be laid on lightly. So the fisherman took off his jacket, laid bare his big, strong shoulders, and took the first hundred lashes when he MADELYN SULLIVAN, Age 10.

Norwicif.

Writing Contest.

Our teacher wanted us to improve our penmanship, so she asked us if we wanted to have a writing contest.

We all wanted one, so she selected two captains. These captains chose the pupils they wanted on their side.

She told us the captains would have the privilege of looking at their pupil's rapers, and correcting their mistakes during the time allowes for penmanship, and that at the end of the contest we were going to have a party and the side that lost would have to supply the refreshments.

After our penmanship lesson was over the captains choose the best papers on their side and kept them.

This contest lasted a month. When the first would fiv toward the light and the side and kept them.

The individual of the contest would have to supply the refreshments.

After our penmanship lesson was over the captains choose the best papers on their side and kept them.

The individual of the contest lasted a month. When the first food consists of worms and animal matter. They eat no weed-seed.

LIUCY GRAY, lage 13.

Birds That Live Near School.

Dear Uncle Jed: Out in the work shed near our school is a Phoe of the shed on their side, sand mud and then hatch their your eggs which takes about five days. It takes two weeks for the eggs to hatch.

In the northern part of the United States they are treated kindly.

In 1910 many robins were killed and when the Phoebe flew off.

In 1910 many robins were killed and when the Phoebe flew off.

In the fall when we came back school the neat was empty and all their his is how they were killed. At night large numbers stayed in the forests. They would carry a torch and the birds had flown away. We can man would so to the forest. They would their heads off, which was very cruel.

The nation has passed a law that protects them now.

The birds food consists of worms and murbers and belong to the stocks. Barly in the spring they or and find their nests of sitcks, and find their nests of sitcks, and then laid their heads of the conte The fat little Italian porter, sporting a fine livery and chain, was will-ing to turn a dishonest penny if he could not turn an honest one. So he So the insierman took off his jacket, laid bare his big, strong shoulders, and took the first hundred lashes, when he cried "Hold! Hold! That will do."

"I am glad to hear that. I thought you demanded two hundred lashes?" I said the lord, clapping his hands.

"Aye, sir, so I did," replied the fisherman, "but I have a partner in the business, and I ask that your lordship will kindly summon him that he may receive the other half of the pay."

"Why, you don't mean that there's a another man as mad as yourself?" cried the lord, deeply puzzled.

"Yes, sir, and he is not far off," said the fisherman. "He is your own porter, and he insisted on my keeping outside unless I shared with him whatever you gave me." Dear Uncle Jed: Out in the wood-shed near our school is a Phoebe's nest. Early in the spring they come and find their nest and then laid five refused the fisherman admittance un-less he would give him half of what he got for the turbot.

The fisherman said he had worked hard and that it would be ridiculous to give half of what he would receive to the porter.

The porter said: "As you choose, only you will not show your fish in that kitchen unless you do as I tell you. Say yes and you will get what you ask for. Otherwise you can stay outside until your fish spoils."

The fisherman, who was very tired and angry, accepted the unjust demand. In the fall when we came back to school the nest was empty and all the birds had flown away. We can always have the birds around us if we feed them. GRACE ALMA BURRELL, Age 11. Stafford Springs. Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about my kitten.

One day last summer I heard a kitty cry. I ran down to the road and found a kitten.

He was a tiger kitty with four white feet and a white face.

And I have him now. He has grown quite big now and I call him white Foot. And I have four kittles in cil, two of my sisters and two of mine. Their names are White Foot and Tommy, Tiger and Moultie.

SHANCHE E. CONVERSE, Age 7.

West Willington. Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about He was marched into the kitchen with his turbot, where he met the nogave me,"
"Oh! Now I understand," cried the with his turbot, where he met the no-bleman himself.

The nobleman said: "Don't be afraid.
Name your price, for I will pay any-thing within reason."

"Sir, I am about to ask a strange price, but it is the only one I will take for the turbot," said the fisherman.

"Speak up! Speak up! I will pay your own price," said the nobleman.

"Well, sir, I want two hundred lashes on my bare back," said the man.

"Nonsense! Are you mad? Tell me "Oh! Now I understand," cried the mobleman. "Fetch him instantly, and let bim have his share by all means. Lay it on soundly, my men. Afterward he can go, for I want no such clever gentleman at my doors."

The porter was paid, and heartlly, too, at the end of the hash, while the honest fisherman received a silver coin for every blow he had endured, and went on his way rejoicing.

ENTHER CHAFETZ, Age 10.

Colchester. we had teachers' meeting the teachers decided which side won. JOSEPHINE BOROVICKA, Age 13. LUCY GRAY, lage 13. Yantic, Conn. Belling the Cat. Our Party. Once upon a time some mice met together to find a way to save themselves from their enemy the cat.
"I have a plan," said a young mouse," which will save the life of We had a writing contest at our school. It began in March. The side which lost had to supply the games and refreshments.

We had cake, jelly-rolls, and cooldes